

DELL

Western
Adventure

JULY 1957

Still 10¢

HAVE GUN.

WILL TRAVEL

Paladin trails a
gang of deadly
lumber thieves
to a lead-slinging
showdown
among giant redwoods!

WILLIAM W. COLE





HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

TROUBLE IN THE TIMBER



Paladin is hired to investigate a series of unusual "accidents" in a lumber camp...



...then must fight a grim battle with a ruthless foe to uncover a sinister plan.

THE VIGILANTES



Paladin's first brush with the dread Vigilantes only leads to a more deadly duel...



...as he tries to save a man condemned by the masked mob and is met with blazing guns.

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

TROUBLE IN THE TIMBER

SO FAR, PALADIN, I HAVEN'T
NEEDED YOU RIDING SHOTSUN
ON THIS WAGON!

SAY
THAT AFTER
WE REACH THE MINE
WITH THIS LUMBER
LOAD!



THE AXLE'S
BUSTED!

REIN IN! PULL
ON THE REINS!



TH-THE
REINS!



THE BRAKE WON'T HOLD
WITH ONE WHEEL MISS-
ING! HANG ON!

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 CHARGES OF DEFECTS should reach us the week in advance of the next issue date. Give both year and age and we advise whether it possible your old material sent.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



LATER, IN THE DAY...



THE NEXT DAY...





GET YOUR AXES SWINGING!
CLEAR A FIREBREAK!



QUICKLY, THE AXES FLASH AND CUT...



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT IT
STOPPED, NISTER! LUCKY
YOU SPOTTED THIS FIRE!
WONDER HOW IT STARTED?



IF YOU'RE MAKING
BETS, YOU'D PROBABLY
COLLECT IF YOU SAY
IT WAS MAN-MADE!

STAY WITH IT TILL IT BURNS OUT!
I'LL REPORT TO BRAND!

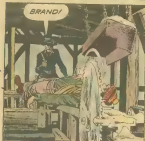


BUT AT THE SAW MILL...



PAY UP!











WHO WERE YOU GOING TO HAND OVER THE MONEY TO? TALK FAST OR I'LL LET MR. BRAND SETTLE SCORES WITH YOU!



NO! NO! GRANETT SENT US!

GRANETT! WHY, HE'S MY LOSSING FOREMAN!

LOOKS LIKE HE WANTED TO BECOME YOUR PARTNER!



MOUNTING QUICKLY, PALADIN GALLOPS OFF IN SEARCH OF THE LOSSING FOREMAN...

SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG! THAT'S BRAND'S GUN RINGING UP AND HE SHELLS OF TROUBLE!



YOU THERE! I WANT TO SEE YOU, GRANETT!



BE RIGHT WITH YOU!





LET HIM JUST TRY
TO FOLLOW ME!





GRANETT, YOUR LUCK HAS RUN OUT!



NO, MISTER!
YOU PLAYED
YOUR HAND
WRONG, COMING
OUT HERE TO
TANGLE
WITH ME!



HE-HELP!

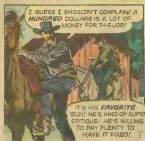
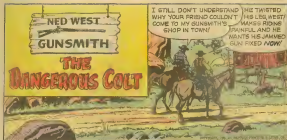


AFTER... I'LL DELIVER THE PRISONERS.
MR. BRAND! NOW YOU CAN DELIVER YOUR
TIMBER TO THE
MINE!

RIGHT, BALADON! YOU'VE
MORE THAN EARNED YOUR FEE! AND I'VE
MADE YOU A SOUVENIR OF OUR REDWOOD COUNTRY!



IT'S YOUR
BUSINESS CARD--
IN REDWOOD!









WHILE THEY'RE STUNNED
AND BEFORE HIS FRIEND
STARTS USING HIS GOOD
GUN, I'M GETTING OUT!



IT'S LUCKY I
FIGURED MORRELL
WOULD BE SUSPICIOUS
AND MAKE ME TRY THE
FIRST SHOT! FIXING
THE SECOND BULLET TO
MAKE THE GUN EXPLODE
SURE RAN OFF!



IF I TAKE THEIR
HORSES ALONG WITH
ME, THEY CAN'T GET
FAR ON FOOT!



SOON...
HOLD IT!

DON'T SHOOT,
MARSHAL! WE
SURRENDER!



YOU'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT US
IF MY FAVORITE GUN WAS WORKING!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
ASKED NED WEST TO
REPAIR IT! HE DOESN'T
FIX GUNS FOR CROOKS!

the KID



As Bert Duncan strode down the main street of Custer he could feel the tension. It gripped the town like a coiled steel wire. Men and women moved with quick, nervous steps along the walks looking over their shoulders anxiously as if waiting for something frightening to happen—some deadly danger to strike.

And that danger was there. Peace Marshal Duncan had seen it gallop into town in the person of Gore Mason, the cruel hard-eyed gunman who had made Custer his hangout for the past few weeks. Like so many of his kind, Mason spent most of his time trying to live up to his ugly reputation by bullying anyone who came near him. As a matter of fact Marshal Duncan had just received word that Mason was riding a young stranger down in the Silver Dollar Cafe. The word had come that he was needling the youngster with slighting remarks, trying to prod him into a gunfight. The Marshal hurried toward the cafe, and hoped he'd be in time to stop a gunfight which he knew the stranger could never win.

But Marshal Duncan was too late. Even as he stepped into the cafe door, the slender, blond young stranger was wiping the

coffee from his soiled shirt. The empty coffee cup in the hands of Gore Mason told the story. "All right," said the young stranger, quietly. "If you want a gunfight you'll have it. I'll meet you outside in five minutes—just as soon as I get my guns from my hotel-room."

With that the young man left.

"Gore," said Marshal Duncan. "You're on the prod again. I ought to jail you right now."

"Can't do it, lawman," snickered Gore. "I haven't broken any law, yet."

"What about that gunfight you just arranged?"

Mason shrugged, grinning twistedly. "Won't be any gunfight less'n that kid draws on me. If he goes for his gun I'll have to finish him in self-defense."

The Marshal thumbed his chin thoughtfully. He had to stop this fight somehow. But how to go about it? And then suddenly came the answer.

"It's okay with me if you want it that way, Gore, but I thought you ought to know who that kid is," Duncan leaned forward and whispered into Gore's ear. And with the whispered words Gore Mason's jaw dropped. An instant later he had scurried outside, leaped upon his horse and galloped out of town.

It was moments later that the Marshal stopped the young stranger outside of the hotel. "It's all right, son. You won't have to fight Mason. I did you a favor. Got him to leave town on a bluff."

"A bluff?" There was a quizzical look on the soft-skinned face of the young stranger.

The Marshal grinned. "I told him you were Billy the Kid. He won't stop rushing now until he hits the border. Now Custer will be rid of that troublemaker Gore Mason for good. Thanks to you Mister—er—"

Grinning, the young stranger put out his hand and shook with the Marshal. "Bonney's the name, Marshal. William Bonney." And on the Marshal's jaw dropped in amazement the young man mounted and rode off.

"William Bonney," gasped the Marshal. "It was Billy the Kid after all!"

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL THE VIGILANTES

SUDDENLY, THE
REGULAR NIGHT NOTES
OF SAN FRANCISCO
ARE INTERRUPTED
BY THE LOUD RINGING
OF AN OMINOUS
SIGNAL BONG...







A FEW HOURS LATER, AS PALADIN SETTLES DOWN WITH A LEATHER BOUND CLASSIC



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING,
BEYOND SAN FRANCISCO...





HOLD YOUR FIRE! I'M PALADIN!
PETER HINDS' FATHER HURED ME
TO FIND AND HELP HIM!



MY FATHER HURDYOUT
COME OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!



HAVE YOU ANY PROOF
THAT MY FATHER SENT YOU?

YES, A NOTE
FROM HIM!

IT COULD BE A TRICK,
PETER! THOSE VIGILANTE
POLECATS ARE CLEVER!

TAKING THE NOTE, PETER HINDS SCANS IT
QUICKLY...



MY FATHER WROTE THIS!

NOW MAYBE YOU
CAN TELL ME WHY
THE VIGILANTES
ARE AFTER YOU?



THEY WANT ME TO CLOSE MY CASINO!
THEY CLAIM IT'S AN EVIL PLACE! LAST
NIGHT THEY CALLED ON ME--
AND BURNED MY HOUSE!

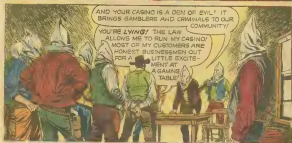


RETURNING
TO SAN
FRANCISCO,
PALADIN HEADS
FOR THE
VIGILANTES'
HEADQUARTERS,
DETERMINED
TO LEARN
WHY THEY
ARE TRYING
TO PUT PETER
HINDS OUT
OF BUSINESS.











SOON PALADIN DROVE BACK AND OBSERVED
THE HIDE-OUT FROM A VANTAGE POINT



AS THE LAST OF THE VISILANTES PASSED,
SUDDENLY...

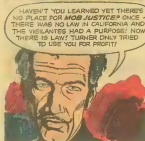




QUICKLY PALADIN DONS THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN'S MASK AND JOINS THE OTHERS...







A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL SHORING A MINE



WHEN A MINE SHAFT WAS SUNK INTO A MOUNTAIN IN THE SEARCH FOR GOLD, TREES WERE FELLED NEAR THE MINE'S ENTRANCE TO SUPPLY SEEDED WOOD.



AS THE MINE SHAFT GROW LONGER AND WENT DEEPER INTO THE EARTH, THE BAND OF BARE TREELESS LAND SURROUNDING THE MINE GREW LARGER AND LARGER.



ALL THIS WOOD WAS NEEDED IN THE MINE FOR SHORING OR PROPPING UP THE WALLS OF THE TUNNELS TO PREVENT DANGEROUS CAVE-INS.



SHORING ATTEMPTED TO KEEP THINGS AS THEY WERE, SO VERY LITTLE "WEDGING" WAS DONE SINCE THE VIBRATIONS OF HAMMERING MIGHT CAUSE THE WALLS TO CRUMBLE.



IT TOOK AN EXPERT TO SUPERVISE THE SHORING OF THE LONG UNDERGROUND MINE CORRIDORS. EACH PIECE OF HEAVY TIMBER HAD TO FIT PERFECTLY NEXT TO THE ADJOINING ONE AND THIS CLOSE FIT HAD TO BE DONE WITHOUT HAMMERING OR SHOCKING THE MILES OF DELICATELY-BALANCED TUNNELS.

HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANTES



ROBBERY WAS UNHEARD OF IN THE EARLY GOLD RUSH DAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO. PROSPECTORS LEFT GOLD DUST AND OTHER POSSESSIONS UNGUARDED IN TENTS AND SHANTIES.



BUT BY LATE 1849, PEOPLE WERE BEING MURDERED IN THE STREETS, FIRES WERE BEING SET ALL OVER SAN FRANCISCO AND EVERYONE FEARED FOR HIS LIFE AND PROPERTY.



A BAND OF CITIZENS SET UP A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE TO MAINTAIN LAW AND ORDER. THE SEVEN HUNDRED MEMBERS TOOK TURNS POLICING THE CITY.



THEY OFFERED FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR REWARDS FOR ANYONE GUILTY OF ARSON. THEY BUILT A COUNTY JAIL TO HOUSE PRISONERS WHO FORMERLY HAD ESCAPED AFTER CONVICTION.



THEY HELD TRIALS AND EVEN MET ARRIVING BOATS, PREVENTING UNDESIRABLES FROM ENTERING CALIFORNIA. UNTIL 1877, THE BEAT-BEAT SIGNAL SOUNDED BY FIRE BELLS AND COMING MYSTERIOUSLY FROM BUILDINGS ALL OVER THE CITY SIGNALLED THE PEOPLE THAT THE VIGILANTES WERE GATHERING AND LAW AND ORDER REIGNED IN SAN FRANCISCO.